

## POETRY:

### From the Vermont Chronicle. THE LIFE BOAT.

There is a darkness on the earth,  
And the winds are warbling loud,  
And the foam is dancing on the surf,  
And the lightning splits the cloud.  
And I see, by its moment gleam,  
The waves as they lash the shore;  
And I hear the daring sea-bird's scream,  
And the thunder's deafening roar.

There's a ship on the heaving wave;  
There's a flash of the signal gun—  
O sign of fear!—Now, now for the brave,  
And a noble action done!  
A boat from the dusky shore  
Goes on to the rescue now;  
The arm is ready to the trusty oar,  
And it nears the laboring prow.

There is hope for the fainting heart,  
And there is the grateful tear;  
And Death doth again put up his dart,  
As the "life boat" draweth near.

And, MORTAL, on life's sea,  
By its storms and billows driven;  
There's a life boat sent to rescue thee,  
And bear thee safe to HEAVEN!

### A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.

BY BRYANT.

Upon yon mountain's distant head,  
With spotless snows for ever white,  
Where all is still and cold and dead—  
Late shines the sun's departing light.

But far below those icy rocks,  
The vales in summer bloom array'd—  
Woods full of birds, and fields of flocks  
Are dim with mist and dark with shade.

'Tis thus from warm and kindly hearts,  
And eyes where generous meanings burn,  
Earliest the light of life departs,  
And lingers with the cold and stern.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### LIFE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Life is a year—a changeable year—  
Its bland and spring-time hour of youth;  
Its early loves, in feeling dear—  
Its passion for the shrine of truth;  
At such a time how hope steals on  
With freshened wing from being's dawn,  
Far down through distant years,  
Nor thinks the brightness of that gloom  
Is scattered from its own fair plume,  
And that all else is tears.—Rockwell.

It is an old and tried subject which we have chosen, but one which awakens within us many and deep reflections. It is a subject, too, which should be examined in all its bearings—in its sunlight and shadow. Hurrying as we are down the eternal current, it may not be amiss to speak of the perils of the voyager, to point out the rocks upon which his vessel may be driven—the whirlpools in which he may be swallowed up.

There is little of romance in "ordinary life"—the land of enchantment and fairy exists only in the mind of the visionary novelist. It is not so well-to-trust much to the colorings of fancy. Sooner or later they will change and grow dim—the beautiful creations of the fanciful spirit, will give place to the dull and cold realities of existence.

We may deceive ourselves for a time; we may picture to our imagination an Elysium of happiness; we may even shut our eyes upon the evil & gloom around us; and, like the Moslem under the influence of his favorite drug, revel in the land of mystery and dreams. The delusion cannot last forever. It is better to lift the veil at once, than to wear it until it is torn off, in rude contact with the substantial things of real life.

The naked truths of existence are not perceptible to the young enthusiast. He lives in an atmosphere of dreams. The future is spread out before him, as in the magic glass of the astrologer—gorgeous with sunshine that may never be felt—green with luxuriance which is never to be trodden—and musical with the fall of fountains which may never be tasted.

And because these things are so, shall we dream no longer? Shall youthful imagination no longer paint the wild beauty of anticipated joy? Shall we burden the fresh wing of the unfolding spirit, with a knowledge of the evil which is hidden in the thick darkness of the future?

Ay, let the truth be told. Let the youthful nerve himself for the evil day. Let not the dangers of his pilgrimage be hidden, spread out before him the gloomy chart of existence; and let him dream, if he can, of an unclouded sky, and an eternal blossoming of flowers.

The searcher after fame, the young and ardent spirit, is most of all liable to disappointment. He enters into the crowded arena of intellect, where mind wrestles with mind for the mastery, with high and glorious anticipations. These are not unfrequently blasted in the onset; at the first effort he is cast down forever—the beautiful light of his dawning intellect extinguished—the pathway to fame closed up; and the fire which should have gone abroad to warm and enlighten the waste places of earth, is quenched upon his heart.

And those who still struggle on—who sacrifice life, health, and the blessed freedom of the sun and air of heaven in the pursuit of literary fame—how exceedingly miserable—how desolate is their being! They cannot pause in their career—they cannot go back to the mild and unambitious hours of childhood—to the quiet of the domestic fireside. The cry of "onward!" is perpetual. They must bear

up with a strong and unflinching pinion, against the storm or the fierce sunshine. They can hold no dalliance with the beautiful visions which rise up in their early pathway—they must hurry onward until the land of enchantment is left behind—until the fairy forms have vanished, and the Love, which in perspective seemed like an untrodden Paradise, has proved to be a delusion—a false and cheating mirage on the parched desert of existence.

Is this an ideal picture? Ask him who has borne the burden which Ambition imposes upon its votaries, and he will tell you that its dark lineaments are correctly drawn. "Fame—fame!" we look upon thy temple with awe and admiration—but it is a temple of Death—of agony, and unutterable woe! It is the charnel-house of genius—the Golgotha of the mind—a shrine at which is sacrificed the charm and glory of existence, whose idol, like those of the pagan worshipper, is propitiated only by the mortal suffering of its votaries!

### From the New York Amulet.

#### AVARICE.

If we con over the dark catalogue of the miseries of man, how great a proportion will be found to be the result of this baneful passion. What peoples our state prisons—what fills our penitentiaries?—Avarice. What looks up every noble and generous sentiment of the soul, and chills every friendship and love? Gold!—which, like a Gorgon's head, turns the heart to stone.

What clouds the brow—what blanches the cheek—what wrinkles the forehead—what petrifies the heart? Plutus and Mammon will answer. Where hath the sun of Consolation never shone?—In the miser's bosom. Who hath blood in his eyes and upon his hands, but none in his heart? The lover of Gold.

When the stealing sands of our numberless hours are well-nigh finished—when the soul seems to quiver upon the lip, where then is the omnipotent power of Gold? What though the dreary passage to the tomb be paved with glittering diamonds—will it not still be called the "dark valley of the shadow of death?" Point the trembling, shivering soul, to the overflowing coffers, wrung, perchance, from the hard hand of poverty, or wrested from the lone widow and helpless orphan—and would this remove a single thorn from the pillow of the dying? Would this bestrew his rugged pathway with flowers? Would the consciousness of his vast possessions add one more pulse to his palpitating heart?

#### DIVINE BENEVOLENCE.

"I cannot go where Universal love smiles not around."—Thomson.

What studded the blue arch of heaven with glittering lights? What formed the unknown depths of the ocean, and stored it with innumerable "creeping things"? What created this fair world of brightness and beauty? What clothes our fields with green, and our valleys with corn?—What glows

"through all life, extends through all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent?"

The Love of God?—deep, unfathomed, limitless love.

It is this which speaks in the wild warbling of the feathered choir—we hear it in the pearly rivulet and gushing stream—we see it in the bright flowers of Spring—in the sparkling tints of the rose, and the beautiful fragrance of the flower of the valley.

We hear it in the howling of the midnight storm, and in the summer breathings of the gentle zephyr. We see it in the bright beams of the king of day, and in the milder glory of the queen of night.

An incident in the infancy of Lady Orkney might furnish a hint to a melodramatic writer. "The countess, her mother, was deaf and dumb, and was married by signs. Shortly after the birth of her first child, (the lady now deceased,) the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. The countess having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, lifted an immense stone, which she had concealed under her shawl, and to the horror of the nurse, who like all persons in the lower order of the country, was fully impressed with an idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of 'dumbies,' lifted it with an evident intent to fling it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose, the countess had flung the stone; not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor; where, of course, it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke and cried. The countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of the experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy; she had discovered that her child possessed the sense which was wanting in herself.—On many other occasions she exhibited no more interesting."

#### Anecdote of the Rev. Ralph Erskine.

The only amusement in which this celebrated man indulged, was playing on the violin. He was so great a proficient on this instrument, and so often beguiled his leisure hours with it, that the people of Dumfries believed he composed his sermons, as a poet writes songs, to a peculiar air. They also tell the following

traditional anecdote connected with the subject. A poor man in one of the neighboring parishes, having a child to baptize, resolved not to employ his own clergyman, with whom he was at issue on several points of doctrine, but to have the office performed by some minister of whose tenets fame gave a better report. With the child in his arms, therefore, and attended by the full compliment of old and young women who usually minister on such occasions, he proceeded to the manse of—, some miles off, (not that of Mr. Erskine) where he inquired if the clergyman was at home. "Nay, he's not at home yet," answered the servant lass, "he's down the burn fishing. But I can soon cry him in." Ye needna gie yourself the trouble," replied the man, quite shocked at this account of the minister's habits; "name of your fishin' ministers shall baptize my bairn." On then he trudged, followed by his whole train, to the residence of another parochial clergyman, to the distance of some miles. Here, on his inquiring if the minister was at home, the lass answered, "Heed, he's no at home the day; he's been out since sax o' the morning at the shooting. Ye needna wait, neither; for he'll be sae mae out [fatigued] when he comes back, that he'll not be able to say bo to a colf, let a be kersen a lassie!" "Wait, lassie!" cried the man in a tone of indignant scorn; "wad I wait, d'ye think, to band up my bairn before a minister that gangs out 'at six o' the morning to shoot God's creatures? I'll awa down to gude Mr. Erskine at Dumfries; and he'll be neither out at the fishing, nor the shooting, I think." The whole baptismal train then set off for Dumfries, sure that the Father of the Secession, although not now a placed minister, would at least be engaged in no unclerical sports, to incapacitate him for performing the sacred ordinance in question. On their reaching, however, the house of this clergyman, which they did not till late in the evening, the man, in rapping at the door, anticipated that he would not be at home any more than his brethren, as he heard the strains of a fiddle proceeding from an upper chamber. "The minister will not be at home," he said, with a sly smile, to the girl who came to the door, or your fat, (sweet-heart), wad nae be playing that gale blye on the fiddle." "The minister is at home," quoth the girl, "mair by token that it's himself that's playing, honest man. He aye takes a tune at night, before gaun to bed. Faith, there's nae lad o' mine can play that gate; it wad be something to tell if any o' them could."

"That the minister playing!" cried the man, in a degree of astonishment and horror far transcending what he had expressed on either the former occasions. If he does this what may the rest do? Weel, I fairly gie them up a' thegither. I have travelled this baill day in search of a godly minister, and never man met with mair disappointment in a day's journey. I'll tell ye what, gude wife," he added, turning to the disconsolate party behind, "we'll just awa back to our ain minister after a'! He's no a' thegither sound is true; but let him be what he likes in doctrine, deil has nae if ever I kenned him to fish, shoot, or play on the fiddle, a' his days!"

#### A THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

An ingenious contriver of ways and means, residing heretofore, some twenty years ago, being in want of a turkey wherewith to be thankful according to law on the last Thursday in November, set his wits to work to procure one without labor, love, or money. Turkeys, as every body knows, are fond of an apple tree for their couch, and our hero, going in the stillness of night, singled out a fine fat gobbler from a tree full belonging to one of his neighbors. While reconnoitering the roost, he heard the feathered birds say, very distinctly, "Quit! Quit! Quit!" But considering these as mere words of course, he did not regard them a feather, but taking a bit of red yarn from his pocket, he made it fast to the right leg of his intended prize, and without further alarming the brood, or at all disturbing their owner. The next day he went to his neighbor's house with the following interrogatory.—"You hav'nt seen no stray gobbler here, have ye?" The neighbor answered that he had not, but that there might be one amongst his turkeys; and asked the other if he should know his turkey on seeing him? "O yea," said the wily man of inventions, "I should know him very well, by a bit of red yarn he had round his right leg." Accordingly the whole flock of turkeys were assembled, and the man deeply regretting his loss, and declaring he would not have taken a silver dollar for the bird, began to examine the whole lot. "Gobble! gobble! gobble!" said an indignant turkey, taller than the rest by a head. "Ah! that's he," said the man, springing up two feet as he spoke, "that's the very identical feller, don't you see he's got the mark on?" Well

neighbors, taking two quids of pig-tail in three seconds, and yet I'll be darned & roasted alive, if he does'nt look as much like a gobbler of mine as two white beans! Howsomever, as the critic belongs to you, why, you must take him, that's all." He said no more, but caught the turkey and handed him over [as he verily supposed] to the rightful claimant. The other thanked him for his trouble, and after inviting him to come and take a

thanksgiving supper with him and telling him he should be as welcome to a bit of the turkey as though it was his own, he marched off triumphantly, with the prize under his arm, and a laugh in his sleeve. —Burlingame Amer.

An Irishman's Idea of Insurance.—A recently "caught" son of the Emerald Isle, was "being," (as the phrase is,) lighted to his lodgings in the cock-loft, of one those Babel-like Hotels so common in New York. After ascending some dozen flights of stairs, Pat came all at once to a dead stand still. "Now, by the powers, honey," said he, addressing his guide, who was likewise an Irishman, "I do'nt budge another inch—for look you, should the edifice take fire, what is to become of Patrick O'Flann, roosting half way up to the Moon? No, no, I'd rather hang on a peg, in one of the lower rooms—so I had!" "Now, did you ever hear the beat o' that," said he with the light. "Talk of the house burning up, when it's insured! That's an Irish bull, sure enough!" "Insured?" cried Pat, "why didn't you tell me that before?" So then, pull-a-head, my hearty, and I'll follow you, and ye like it, to the top of the chimney." —Schoharie Rep.

A new description of Bee-Hives has been invented in one of the eastern states. It is a house of wood or brick about the size of an ordinary smoke-house, having a door, and fitted up with shelves like a pantry, and perforated so as to admit the free egress of the bees. In the apertures, which are made in rows around the building, may be fixed spouts to project 3 or 4 inches. The advantages offered by this apiary are, that the bees will not swarm and leave the place, but continue to fill up the shelves. The honey may be easily removed when the bees retire to the bottom of the combs in cold weather.

L. L. D.—When the Allied Sovereigns visited Oxford in 1814, they were each dubbed L. L. D. and bore the allusion without any wincing. Old Blucher, indeed, who had to partake of their honors, asked whether, since they had made him a Doctor, it would not be proper to make his aid de camp, Baron Giesseman, an Apothecary, that they might carry on business together, but it passed off as a pure and good joke, and nobody suspected the fact that the "drunken old hussar," as Napoleon called him, was ignorant that there were doctors of any thing but medicine. —Standard.

Drowning the Tea.—It is stated in the Otsego Republican, that there is yet living in that county, one of the gallant band who threw the cargo of British tea overboard, in Boston Harbor, sixty years ago. His name is George R. T. Hewes. He was born in Boston, in the year 1733, and is consequently ninety-nine years of age. He is believed to be the only surviving member of the memorable tea party referred to.

The Rev. E. K. Avery has at length decided upon retiring for a time from public life; and if discretion is the better part of valor even in the church militant, he has now exhibited more prudence in a voluntary and temporary seclusion than he did in braving public opinion by his dauntless fortitude in resuming his former rank without his former reputation in life. Being innocent or guilty of the crimes alleged against him is certainly a subject of material moment to him, but would not have been so to the public, nor would it have provoked the acrimonious discussions of late, had he retired to private life, after the twofold redemption he received from condemnation or inculpation. Few can instantly recover the character on which the dark stains of calumny or censure may have been impinged; and none with a philosophical knowledge of human "ways and means" would boldly dare again to assume immediately their customary functions in public life—particularly if they were of a nature essential to be kept "unspotted from the world."

Avery may have been innocent; but he has unfortunately been imprudent; and with a censorious world, imprudence is guilt. But he now expresses a confidence that during the time of his seclusion, the agitation concerning him will have ceased; and when the calmness of candor shall have returned, that the conviction of his innocence will be accompanied by persuasion and prudence. If it is culpable to forejudge our fellow citizens, without a public knowledge of their own statements in connection of any rumors, is it not almost equally improper, and much more impertinent to afterjudge with condemnation, when the public tribunals of the country have decided NOT GUILTY.

But such we trust will now be the decision of the public opinion as well as the public tribunal; and we sincerely hope that none of our contemporary journals will lend their columns to the base design of the overt motives of impugning a guilty professor; or of attacking a respectable class of Christians from the alleged guilt of one of its members. Journalists lessen their own dignity when they forget the deference due to others, and the veneration due particularly to religion and its ministers. —Am. Sent.

TRISTRAM BURGES is re-elected to Congress from Rhode-Island.

### WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

William Wilberforce, whose death is announced in the papers lately received from London, was a truly great and good man. He was born in 1759, and entered Parliament in 1780. He was of a good family, and possessed of an ample fortune, but never yielded to any of the temptations peculiar to rank and wealth. He was a truly religious man, and his conduct did honor to his faith. He is principally known by his successful exertions in the abolition of the slave-trade. His first motion upon that subject was brought before Parliament in 1787. The opposition which it excited both in and out of the House, seems almost incredible. Petitions poured in against it from all quarters, and though it was supported by Mr. Pitt, it was rejected by a large majority. Mr. Wilberforce and his friends continued their efforts in behalf of oppressed humanity, undaunted by repeated repulses. Notwithstanding, however, the manifest justice of the measures they advocated, and the horrors of the traffic itself, and although they had the powerful support of both Pitt and Fox, it was not until 1806, that a motion introduced by Mr. Fox, that the House of Commons should declare the slave-trade inconsistent with justice, humanity and sound policy, and should immediately take measures for its abolition, prevailed. Twenty years were occupied in convincing the legislators of Great Britain, that it was unlawful to deal in human flesh. In bringing about this happy and glorious result, Mr. Wilberforce was mainly influential, and has associated his name imperishably with the triumphs of humanity and benevolence.

Mr. Wilberforce's whole life has been consistent with this portion of it. The religious and charitable institutions of his country, have found in him an efficient supporter and a liberal friend. His public and private life has been spotless—even his enemies never impugned the purity of his motives, or doubted his disinterested and elevated views. His writings have been full of christian spirit and the most sublime morality. The fame that he has acquired is a truly enviable one, arising from exertions of the highest benevolence, the most comprehensive charity, a fervor of moral feeling, a steadiness of moral principle, and an energy of purpose in behalf of the truth, that nothing could damp. How infinitely superior it is, not only to the warrior's laurels, but even to the statesman's worthier honors. With these last are associated recollections of party strife, of bitter contentions, a steeling of the heart against emotions, and they are too often gained by a sacrifice of that high principle which "feels a stain like a wound." But in the glory of such a man as Wilberforce, there is no alloy. No one can look upon it with any but unmixed admiration. It is a triumph of virtue, of religion, and of moral courage. His life is no less encouraging than beautiful. The influence of such a man never dies. He communicates an electric impulse to his age. Thousands have been kindled from the fires that burned in his breast. The good man lives in his works, in his example, and in his influences—when his own bright orb is sunk to rest, the world is still illumined with the "bright track of his fiery car."

Mobocracy.—A meeting of four or five hundred citizens of Jackson county, Missouri, has been held for the avowed purpose of drawing the Mormons from that quarter of the country. In an address, which was adopted by the meeting, it is stated that the number of their sect is increasing, that there is danger of their obtaining the control of all offices in the county, and that the lives and property of others would be unsafe, if placed at the disposal of men so ignorant and superstitious. The address concludes with a declaration that no Mormonite shall in future be permitted to settle in the county; and those now residing there shall have time given them to remove. They also required the Editor of the Star, a Mormonite paper, to close his office, and on his refusing to give a definite answer to their requisition, it was resolved that the printing office be forthwith demolished, which was immediately done, by the members of the meeting.

Three days after the meeting again assembled, and another committee appointed to confer with the Mormons. After a conference, the committee reported that they had made an amicable arrangement with the Mormons, who had engaged to leave the county. These proceedings, savor too much of the spirit which prompted the New England persecutions. The Mormons are doubtless under a delusion, but it is extremely questionable whether it is a justification for such high-handed proceedings.

A Tolerant Medicine.—We see in a Massachusetts paper an advertisement of a patent medicine, which, to be of any

internally and eternally. Of all the mischievous tricks played off on individuals, we have heard of none equal to the following, the account of which is copied from the N. Y. Gaz.: "A wag went last week to the Washington market to purchase eggs. He found a countryman with a basket containing the quantity he wanted—after agreeing upon the price, he told the countryman

to fold his arms, and he would count them out of the basket. He did so, and piled them, amounting to five dozen, up to his chin; then told him to hold on, till he ran home for his change. After waiting till his arms ached with the load, without a return of his customer, he was relieved from his awkward situation by crying murder.

### ANECDOTE.

A party of gentlemen in Charleston, S. C. were sitting over their wine, after dinner, when the conversation turned upon the events of the late war. Several battles on land were alluded to with enthusiasm, and the splendid victories at sea were had in remembrance. As the conversation turned upon the engagement between the Constitution and Guerriere, the gentlemen seemed to differ on some material points in relation to that engagement. A Frenchman, who had seated himself, unnoticed, and obtrusively, near the table, happened to hear the dispute, and immediately advanced with a lively and graceful air to the company and said—

"Gentlemen, you speak of the action of the Constitution and Guerriere, ah!"

"Yes Sir," was the reply.

"Well, gentlemen, I have some good reason to be acquainted with that affair."

"Upon what is your knowledge founded, Sir?"

"Gentlemen, I shall relate to you"—and he sat down.

"I was in von little brig, loaded with brandy, bound from Bordeaux to de coast de Amerique—von day, (ah! sorrowful day for me!)"—Captain Dekaire, he take my little brig, he take out all my brandy, and he blow my little brig up in the air!

"After dat, Captain Dekaire go on voi is dis you call him?—ah! a cruise—he go on a cruise, and von day Capitaine Dekaire hollo to me—ah! Monsieur French Capitaine, look dare! He take his vach out—Monsieur French Capitaine, see you de Amerique frigate—don't you see de buntin flyin'! ah! I take her in fifteen minute, you see. Ma say so, de frigate Amerique come vid majesty, vid grandeur—'twas de first time I had de pleasure to see von frigate Amerique—von beautiful ship. Capitaine Dekaire call out, give him one broad side! Whorrah! roh! roh! De frigate Amerique, he no speak, but come on vid majesty, vid grandeur; give him another broad side! whorrah! roh! roh!—de frigate Amerique no speak, but come on vid majesty, vid grandeur. Vat! say Capitaine Dekaire, is he def, or is he dam! give another broadside!—whorrah! roh! roh! de frigate Amerique no speak, no answer at a' at a'!

"But presently, gentlemen, I hear de under: whorrah! whorrah! whorrah!—oh! gentlemen, de mast, de sail, de spar, de yard, de every ting, all about my ear. I thought de heaven and de earth had come together, for de frigate Amerique had fire his broadside. Von big man—vat is de name—ah! boswain—he step up to Capitaine Dekaire, and below in his ear—Capitaine Dekaire, he say, me dak you got a hard job! Parbleau, Monsieur, me tink so, too, says I.—By and by, Capitaine Dekaire say to me—Monsieur French Capitaine, I tink you had better go below! Parbleau, Monsieur, I tink so, too.

"I go down into—vat you call dis—ah! de cockpit, and dare, gentlemen, I see de poor sailor vidout leg, vidout head, vidout arm, vidout anything! By an by, all was still. I got up on de deck; and I dare see de poor Capitaine Dekaire (von brave man) vid de tear in his eye—ah! Monsieur French Capitaine, he say to me, it's all overre.—Parbleau, Monsieur, me dak to soo. Presently, von little boat from de frigate Amerique come on board, say to Capitaine Dekaire—Saire, Capitaine Hull, of de Amerique Frigate Constitution, vill be happy to see you on board his ship. Capitaine Dekaire say to me—Monsieur French Capitaine, I tink you had better go along vid me. Parbleau, Monsieur, me tink so, too; you ship sinking. We go on board de frigate Amerique, between two gran' rows of de Marine, on the quarter deck; and dare, gentlemen, I had de pleasure to see von Commodore Amerique—von beautiful man!—von elegant cravat!—he make a low bow, just like von Frenchman! Capitaine Dekaire offer him his sword. No, Capitaine Dekaire, keep your sword, for you deserve it—and so he did. Presently, de Commodore Amerique say to me—Hollo, Monsieur French Capitaine, vare de devil you come from, ah! Parbleau, Monsieur, say I, I vas in von little brig, bound for de coast d' Amerique, loaded vid brandy, and Capitaine Dekaire, von day take out all my brandy, and blow up my little brig in de air. Den say de Commodore—'On de word of von Amerique officer, and dat is never false, you shall have your brandy back again.' And, gentlemen, he vas as good as his word; and I have here de pleasure to tell you de story."

ZIMMERMAN, who was physician to the king of Prussia, and lived at Court, has written a vast deal of nonsense about solitude. The wish to be always alone shows the disposition of a ferocious beast of prey, and carries with it the melancholy darkness of the tomb. The effect is described in the ancient phrase, "Cor vultu edens, eating his own heart. Man is too feeble, too dependent, to submit by himself.







**Thomas Tunnel.**—There is some probability that this magnificent undertaking of the Adams people will soon be commenced. The shareholders have, it is said, engaged to furnish one half of the funds necessary for its completion, and the other half, it is believed, will be granted by the British Parliament. Mr. Brunel, the engineer, under whose direction the work has hitherto been carried on, and by whom it will probably be completed, was long a resident of this country, and introduced into our navy yards a valuable improvement. He is a native of France, a circumstance which has in no way impeded his talents commanding that consideration in England to which they are justly entitled. The following particulars of some occurrences which took place during the early stages of this work, will perhaps not be read here without interest, now that it is about to be resumed.

The tunnel, it will be recollected, is composed of two passages or galleries, running parallel to each other and separated by a thick wall, in which there are at short distances, openings or communications between the two. The excavation was made by men working in a machine of cast iron called a *buckler*, divided into 86 apartments, each apartment being allotted to one miner: the work proceeded in each gallery at the same time, and as the tunnel was strongly supported as it progressed by masonry, there was no danger from the water except at the extremity of the excavation. The entrance is by a deep descent, in the middle of which is a wooden staircase for the use of the workmen.

The tunnel has been twice inundated. The first time it occurred, the disorder and fright it caused among the workmen was extreme. Neither Mr. Brunel nor his son were there, but one of the superintending engineers, of the name of Griffiths, preserved his presence of mind, rallied the men, and conducted them in safety to the opening before the water had gained the summit of the arch. In a few minutes afterwards it was filled.

After many fruitless endeavors to close the opening, which had been made in the extremity of the tunnel, the idea occurred to Mr. Brunel, of covering that part of the bed of the river with tarred sail cloth, and throwing on it large quantities of clay, which the pressure of the water above forced into the hole; at the same time steam engines were at work, to carry off the water. The greatest anxiety was manifested throughout England to learn the success of this attempt, and daily accounts were published of its progress. At last it was perceived that ground was gained; the steam engines overcame the river when the tide was low, but the river resumed its superiority at high water; at last the river lost the latter advantage, and by little and little the tunnel was cleared for a distance of eight feet from its summit. It was then thought advisable to profit by the space obtained with so much difficulty, and enter into the tunnel in a boat to examine the place where the accident had occurred.

Mr. Brunel being ill, his son, Isambard, was selected to make this examination. As he descended the staircase, which led to the tunnel, with Mr. Griffiths, another sub-engineer who was to accompany him, the workmen evinced the apprehensions they felt for their safety, by frequent exclamations of "God bless you, gentlemen!" At the moment that Isambard was about to enter the boat and was taking leave of his mother, a young man sprang forward and persisted in sharing his danger which, after some difficulty, he was allowed to do.

The distance they had to pass was about seven hundred feet. When they reached the buckler, a large excavation was perceived in the upper part, stopped in part by the tarred sail cloth and clay above alluded to, but still sufficiently open to allow a considerable quantity of water to enter. They took the dimensions of the opening, and were drawing a sketch of it on a piece of wood, when Mr. Griffiths stooping down to Isambard, said to him in a whisper, "the water gains on us." "I know it," said Isambard, "we'll finish and go." At the same time, the people at the mouth of the tunnel had perceived the water increased. Many of them threw themselves into it, swimming, to warn them of their danger. Others were calling them through speaking trumpets. This noise was heard by the young man who had insisted on accompanying them: perceiving that the distance to the top of the arch was about four feet, he sprang up crying "let us go," and striking his head against the arch, fell down, upsetting the boat and extinguishing the light they had with them.

On coming to the surface, Isambard called to his companions, two answered him and conjured him to hasten away, as the water continued gaining on them. Isambard plunged repeatedly to the bottom in search of the other, and at last brought him up. His friends again entreated him to think only of himself, but he answered by begging them to assist him in placing his burden on his shoulders. Animated by one example, they now all carried the body by turns, and at last with their heads every instant striking against the arch, again saw the light of day. They had not ascended half way up the staircase when the water reached the top of the arch. The body was then examined. Isambard and his friends had brought out a corpse. The unfortunate young man had fractured his skull.

After this accident, the steam engines soon regained their superiority, and the work was re-commenced. Some months had passed when a second irruption took place. This time, Isambard was in the tunnel. He had just left the buckler and was half way down one of the passages when the cry of "water!" struck his ear. He sprang forward, and having noticed the extent of the disaster sufficiently to inform his father of it, he collected,

as he thought, all the workmen together, and led them to the mouth of the tunnel. There, a glance around him told him that many were still missing. He re-entered the subterranean passage, with the water up to his middle, and guided by confused and smothered cries, perceived that a considerable number of men, instead of taking the ordinary passage to pass out of the tunnel, had taken the one, of which the egress was stopped.

These poor men, instead of returning, in their fright struck against the obstacle which prevented them getting out and which all their exertions could not move. Isambard hastened to them and persuaded them to come back: the first communication between the two passages was already closed; at the second, they all passed through before him except two, who could not swim, and who begged Isambard to leave them and save himself. Isambard compelled one of them, the father of a family, to get on his shoulders, and he reached the entrance with him. Then, tearing himself away from those who endeavored to retain him, he returned and brought out the second. When near the entrance of the tunnel, he was struck on the head by a piece of timber which was drifting on the water, but a hundred arms were stretched out to save him, and he was carried senseless to his father's house, where his wounds confined him for two months to his bed.

All these dangers are now lessons which will probably ensure the completion of the work without further accident. The greatest difficulties have been surmounted, for more than half of the distance has been excavated, and that part of the river where its bed approaches the nearest to the summit of the tunnel, has been passed. It is to be hoped, therefore, that an undertaking which is the most extraordinary of the present age, will not be allowed to remain unfinished.

N. Y. Courier.

From the New York Courier & Enquirer.

**DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.**  
A broker in this city, considerably distinguished for eccentricity and a love of litigation, and possessed withal of a good deal of shrewdness and a splendid good watch with ponderous chain and seals, having a claim against a slippery customer which he was anxious to collect, among other expedients adopted the following: Understanding that his debtor was in the habit of driving a horse and buggy, which he no doubt owned, but from circumstances dare not acknowledge, the broker in a friendly and insinuating manner, applied to him for the loan of it during an afternoon last week to take an airing. This was readily assented to, and the horse harnessed for the occasion, with which the broker drove off. Having thus got the possession, he refused to deliver the horse and buggy until coerced by an action at law, which he well knew his debtor dare not commence, as that would at once be recognizing his right of ownership, and taking them to his stable, insisted upon holding them until his claim was adjusted.

The debtor, making a virtue of necessity, dissembled his mortification and resentment at the trick which had been played him, until an evening or two since, when he fell in with the broker in the neighborhood of the Bowery Theatre. Having engaged him in an agreeable chat, in the course of which he successfully made the impression upon his mind that the affair would be satisfactorily adjusted on the following morning; he shook hands with him with the greatest apparent friendship and good humor, and was about to part with him for the night; but, as if suddenly adverting to the hour at which he was to meet him by appointment in the morning, he enquired how late it was. The broker, thrown off his guard by the self-satisfaction which he felt at the success of his scheme and its anticipated happy termination, thoughtlessly drew out his watch, and confided it to his debtor to ascertain the hour, which he no sooner got hold of than he deliberately transferred it to his own pocket, and walked off, leaving the broker petrified with amazement at this sudden and unexpected interruption of his well laid scheme; for the debtor informed him that he intended to retain the watch as an offset for his horse and buggy.

Exasperated and incensed, the broker yesterday presented himself at the police office with his counsel, and made application to the magistrates for a warrant to apprehend the debtor upon a charge of stealing, but the whole circumstances being detailed, the application was refused, and the party referred to his remedy by civil action. This was represented to be at best but a hopeless affair, as the debtor had no substance of which to respond to any judgment that might be recovered against him, and as matters now stand, the broker has the worst of the bargain, for he estimates his watch and establishment at \$150, whereas the horse and buggy are at most not worth half the money.

**Interesting Letter.**—The following letter, from Mexico, is not only of a late date, but from a high and authentic source. The writer has opportunities of acquiring information; and forming opinions, possessed by but few. His suspicions respecting the ulterior designs of Santa Anna, correspond with the views which we have entertained of the character of that

founder. But—

From our Correspondent.

Mexico, 17th July, 1833.  
We are once more in civil war, and how long it may endure none can predict. The leaders in the new plan (so called) are amongst the most distinguished and popular officers in the whole Mexican army, and have already attracted to their standard most of the regular troops. Several affairs have already occurred be-

tween the army of the government and the rebels, but terminating always in the defeat of the troops of the government. The President, Gen. Santa Anna, has taken the command of the army in person, and much is expected from him. His star may once more gain the ascendancy, and like Bonaparte, he relies on his star—but in nothing else is he like that hero of an hundred battles. My own opinion is decidedly that Santa Anna must be beaten, and he will either fall in with the views of the pronunciados or be put down. Strong suspicions are entertained, and rumors are already abroad, that the Rebels and the President understand each other, that he secretly favors the plan, and connives at their movements. The basis of the new plan is the creation of a Dictator with the powers of the Autocrat of all the Russias, and perhaps the title of the Executive may, in a short time, be changed to King or Emperor, but we know the style or title matters little, so the Executive has the power. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Those who pretend to know the President best, say he has always hankered after Royalty, and we shall very probably see that problem solved in six or eight weeks.

N. Y. Courier.

**Perilous Rescue.**—A correspondent of the Boston Mercantile Journal, writing from Oldtown, a village on an island, in Penobscot River, Maine, and the residence of about 300 of the Penobscot tribe of Indians, says:—It is not long since two of their small boys in attempting to cross the river near a fall of ten or twelve feet depth, were carried down by the current nearly to its brink, when an old Indian named Sabbath, started in his bark to rescue them. He reached the verge just in time to seize one of the lads by the hair, when he found himself rapidly borne down by the current. There was but an instant to save himself, for if his boat was swept down side wise, he was sure of his fate. He grappled the paddle with the energy of desperation—set the boat in a proper direction by a single stroke—and descended the rapid in safety. The canoe was dashed into a hundred pieces before he reached the shore, but he succeeded in saving his own life and that of the child in his hand, the other was lost—Very few white men could have accomplished such a feat. Two Boston gentlemen undertook, the other day, to cross the little interval between Old Town and the Indian island in a birch, and were both turned out, neck & heels, into the water, almost as soon as they had stepped in.

**Recharter of the U. S. Bank.**—The National Intelligencer of Thursday expresses the opinion that two thirds of the Senate are now in favor of the recharter of the U. S. State Bank. The opinion of the Intelligencer must be based on a belief that Mr. Calhoun and his friends are favorable.

The vote of the Senate on the veto Message was, ayes, 22—noes, 19. Among the noes were Gen. Hayne and all the Nullifiers except Mr. Poindexter of Mississippi.

Those members of the next Senate who are known to be friendly to the U. S. Bank are, Mr. Sprague of Maine, Mr. Bell of New Hampshire, Messrs. Swift and Prentiss of Vermont, Webster and Silsbee of Massachusetts, Robbins and Knight of Rhode Island, Smith and Tomlinson of Connecticut, Southard and Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, Wilkins of Pennsylvania, Clayton and Manning of Delaware, Kent and Chambers of Maryland, Clay of Kentucky, Ewing of Ohio, Tipton and Hendricks of Indiana, Robinson of Illinois, Waggaman of Louisiana, and Poindexter of Mississippi—24.

The Senators to be chosen by Louisiana and Pennsylvania may be set down as friendly, making the whole number of known friends 26. In order to insure the passage of the bill by a vote of two thirds, there must be an accession of strength from some quarter. It is more likely to come from Calhoun and his supporters than from any other.

Boston Daily Atlas.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

**GOLD!—GOLD!—ANECDOTES.**  
LOUISA, Aug. 23d, 1833.

"Neither avarice nor curiosity has ever tempted me to search my own lands for gold; and I have not had leisure to visit any one of the mines that have been discovered. All my information concerning them is mere hearsay, and derived from those who visited them from motives of curiosity or interest. From what I can learn, there are very few which will more than reimburse the expenses of working them; and many will not do that. Concerning Mrs. Price's mine, which is farther from me than any of the rest, I have merely heard that it is very rich, & likely to yield large profits. On the water of Contrary Creek, a branch of North Anna River, which divides this county from Spotsylvania, there are two gold mines, which are considered very valuable. One of them is owned by the Rev. Mr. Tieder, a worthy minister of the Baptist Church, and the other by Mr. William Walton, an exemplary old man, who has hitherto maintained a very large family, by the labour of his own hands, at his anvil. From Mr. Tieder's mine, (where "surface gold" alone has been

brought forth) nearly 300 have been obtained at a single washing. But the extraordinary drought, which has prevailed there for nearly two months past, has put a temporary stop to their washings. Mr. Walton's mine is said to be uncommonly rich, and promises to supply great quantities of the precious metals. Mr. W. is so upright, straight forward and correct, and with all so benevolent, that all who know him, either personally or by character, appear to rejoice at his good for-

tune. When asked by an acquaintance, whether such a large and sudden addition to his fortune would not tempt him? He promptly answered, "No; I have no fears for myself; all my apprehensions are for my children. Wealth may corrupt and make blockheads of them; but I am too old to be changed by it." The following anecdote is so characteristic of Mr. Walton, that I cannot refrain from recording it. Just at the moment when the miners had ascertained beyond all doubt, that the ore from his land was richer than any they had ever seen, a single lump of small size having been pronounced to be worth \$30, Mr. Walton, who was a spectator of their operations, suddenly exclaimed, "I must leave you; I have promised to point a plough-hoe for neighbor A., and I cannot think of disappointing him." So off he accordingly went, and pointed the plough-hoe!!

Baltimore, Sept. 3.

**LOVE AND MADNESS.**—Another Clough Affair.

A most atrocious attempt at assassination was made in this city, last evening. A young German lady about three weeks in this country, and residing with her friends in Howard-street, near the intersection of Happy alley, last evening between five and six o'clock, when she was accosted by a young man, (one of her countrymen) who, after walking a few steps by her side, demanded of her whether she would marry him. She answered No! The young man retreated a step or two, pulled a pistol from his pocket, and shot the unfortunate object of his affection in the back. He was promptly seized and committed to prison, and the wounded body taken to the house of Dr. Allen, in Ann-street. The wound appears to have been made with duck shot; the whole charge entered the left shoulder, about equidistant from the vertebrae and the arm, to which direction may be imputed the escape of the victim from immediate death, as the muzzle of the pistol was not probably more than two inches from her body. The report of the pistol indicated that it had been heavily charged, as the assassin unquestionably intended to do his business effectually. The writer of this, saw the wounded lady last evening, and again this morning, and with much pleasure expresses a belief that the wound is not dangerous, and that the unfortunate young lady will this time escape the fate which the malignity of her pretended lover had premeditated.

We understand that the person who committed the outrageous assault on the German lady, as mentioned in our paper yesterday, attempted to commit suicide, by cutting his throat in prison—the razor proving to be rather dull, the wound inflicted was not mortal—the physician in attendance sewed up the wound and he will now have a chance of standing his trial for the assault.—Jb.

**Duties of an Editor.**—Of the multitude of persons who are regaled every week with an ample sheet filled with literature, politics, entertainment, advice, morals, and news, how few have any conception of the labor which the preparation of it has cost. The whole time of several individuals has been devoted to afford the amusement of an hour or two. He must know every thing, hear every thing, read every thing, and give an opinion on every thing. He must accommodate himself to an infinite variety of tastes—to the young and the old, the grave and the gay, the sentimentalist, and the man of business, the countryman, and the cit. He must be all things to all men—he must offend no man—he must instruct, amuse, and inform. He must never lose his temper, happen what will. And yet, with the best intentions in the world, he is constantly liable to give offence. A subscriber writes a communication which is neither sense nor grammar, rhyme nor reason—it is rejected—the writer comes up, flaming at the mouth to take off his name from the subscription list, and is our enemy forever after. Sometime he finds that his paper is too light and trifling; others, that it is too heavy and dull; some that it is too sentimental; others that it is too businesslike—some complain that we are lukewarm in the cause of temperance; others, that we are harping upon this string and that string, till all moderate people are disgusted with it, and to all this we must not only be resigned, but grateful.

The tools of an editor know neither end nor intermission—and after all, he must often be content with nothing but the approbation of his conscience—a noble reward, truly; but unfortunately, a thing too ethereal to be coined into bread and butter.—Bost. Jour.

**TRY YOUR LUCK!**  
Tickets only 5 Dollars!

**UNION CANAL LOTTERY,**  
CLAS. NO. 19,  
To be drawn in Philadelphia, on  
Saturday the 21st of Sept.  
66 Number Lottery—10 drawn ballots.

**SCHEME.**

1 Prize of	20,000
2	10,000
3	5,000
4	2,500
5	1,000
10	500
20	300
30	200
40	100
50	50
60	30
70	20
80	10
90	5
100	1

Tickets 55, Halves 32 50,  
Other Shares in proportion.  
FOR SALE AT  
**CLARKSON'S.**  
Sept. 9.  
Drawn Numbers in Class No. 18,  
Not yet received.

**ADAMS SENTINEL.**  
GETTYSBURG, PA. SEPT. 9, 1833.

**Anti-Masonic Ticket.**—The following Ticket was sent by the Anti-Masonic Delegates, who met in this place on Monday last:—

SENATOR,  
JAMES RENSCHAW, Esq.  
ASSEMBLY,  
JAMES PATTERSON, Esq.  
THADDEUS STEVENS, Esq.  
COMMISSIONER,  
JOHN BROUGH, (of Hampton.)  
AUDITOR,  
JOSEPH FINK, (of Germany.)  
DIRECTOR OF THE POOR,  
J. CUNNINGHAM, Esq.  
CORONERS,  
DR. HENRY SMYSER,  
DR. GEORGE L. FAUSS.

The Republicans elect Delegates on Saturday next, and send their Ticket on the Monday following.

COMMUNICATED.

**TEMPERANCE.**

The following Resolution was passed at a late meeting of the "Fairfield Temperance Society." Resolved, That the 5th article of our Constitution be recommended to the consideration and observance of the members of the different Temperance Societies throughout this county:—

The article alluded to, reads thus:—"It shall be the duty of the members of this Society to withhold their support from such Candidates for Office as they may know to be in the habit of drinking spirits to excess themselves, or of treating with ardent spirits for the purpose of procuring votes."

**Reform Convention.**—Our readers are aware that attempts have been made for some time past, to get up a Convention for reforming the State Constitution. The 25th of August was the day fixed upon for the meeting at Harrisburg. But sixteen Delegates, representing six Counties, were in attendance. After the passage of some resolutions, the Convention adjourned to meet on the 8th of January, 1834. The celebrated GEORGE KREMER presided.

From the N. Y. Mercantile Adv., Sept. 4.  
**SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM LONDON.**  
LIBSON IN POSSESSION OF DON PEDRO.

The new packet ship United States Capt. N. H. Holdrege, arrived yesterday morning from Liverpool, having sailed thence on the 9th ult.

By this arrival we have our regular files of English papers—London to the 7th and Liverpool to the 8th ultimo. The most important political intelligence is that Lisbon is in possession of Don Pedro, or, as it is perhaps more proper to say, in that of the young Queen Donna Maria da Gloria. It appears that the Lieutenant of Don Miguel evacuated Lisbon on the 23d of July, with 4000 troops, and retreated to the north; that Villa Flor, Duke of Terceira, had a battle on the 23d with Telles Jordao, in which, with an army containing only 1500 regular troops, opposed to the Miguelite troops of 8000 strong, Villa Flor had gained a decided victory.

Immediately on the evacuation of Lisbon by the Miguelite soldiery, the inhabitants had spontaneously thrown open the prisons, and liberated 5000 captives, principally confined for political offences, proclaimed the young Queen, and formed themselves into a national guard. All this was effected without a single soldier of the young Queen's army. On the morning of the 24th they communicated with the Duke of Terceira, and hoisted the Queen's flag, with that of England, on the citadel, on which day he entered the city and took command; and on the 25th Admiral Napier, with the Duke of Palmella, entered the river.

The remnant of the Miguelite army were retreating towards the Douro. An unsuccessful attack had been made upon Oporto on the 24th, in several attempts which resulted in considerable loss on both sides, though the Miguelites had much the worst of it, according to the English accounts. Advertisers up to the 27th had been received, and no further attack had been made. The latest "outrage" in England were, that Miguel had gone to Spain, and that his cause was at an end.

In England, things were going on much as might be expected; confidence seemed to be restored. The Slavery Bill, the East India Bill, and the Bank Charter Bill, were all in various stages of their progress. The twenty millions had been agreed to as the indemnity to the planters, and nothing remained but to settle some details. The Jewish Bill had been lost in the House of Lords.

The Charlestown (Va.) Press of the 5th inst. considers itself fully justified in saying that the Cholera no longer exists in that county as an epidemic. No case had occurred in Charlestown or Harper's Ferry, for the last two weeks. Smithfield had been entirely exempt, and in Shepherdstown, where "many hearts had been made desolate," there had been no case of Cholera since the 27th ult. Subsequent to that date, the town has been unusually healthy.

**Balt. Pat.**  
It is calculated that a single track of rails will be laid on the Pennsylvania Rail Road, from Philadelphia to Columbia, including the bridge over the Schuylkill, by the first week in December next, and that with then commence running between those points.

**Temperance Meeting.**  
The semi-annual meeting of the Young Men's Temperance Society of Gettysburg, will be held in the Court-house, on Saturday Evening next, at 7 o'clock—when an Address or Addresses will be delivered. The Public generally are respectfully invited to attend.

R. F. McCONAUGHY, Sec'y.  
Sept. 9.

**MARRIED.**  
On the 1st inst. by the Rev. J. J. Hensch, Mr. Frederick Charles Dell, to Miss Sarah Reif—both of Menallen township.  
On the 28th ult. by the Rev. F. Rothman, Mr. John Essig, to Miss Susan Gilbert—both of Cumberland township.  
On the 5th inst. by the same, Mr. Samuel Hollibaugh, to Miss Elizabeth Hollibaugh—both of Cumberland township.  
On the same day, by the same, Mr. Henry Comfort, to Miss Maria Nickley—both of Franklin township.  
On Thursday the 28th ult. by the Rev. F. McFarland, James Harper, Esq. of Burke county, N. C. [formerly of this county,] to Miss Caroline Ellen, daughter of Samuel Finley, Esq. of Augusta county, Va.

**DIED.**  
On Friday night last, Martha Ann, daughter and only child of the Rev. Professor Baugher, of this borough, aged about 10 months.  
On the 25th ult. Capt. John McReine, of Mountpleasant township, in the 64th year of his age—a patriot of the Revolution.  
On the 21st ult. Mr. Andrew Warratt, of this county, in the 40th year of his age.

**Delegate Election.**

At a meeting held in Gettysburg, on the 26th ult. it was Resolved, That it be recommended to our Democratic Republican Fellow Citizens of Adams County, and to all others opposed to political antimasonry, to unite at their usual places of holding Borough and Township elections, on Saturday the 14th of September next, at 3 o'clock, P. M., and elect TWO DELEGATES from the Borough of Gettysburg, and fifth township, who will meet in Convention at the Court-house on the Monday following (being the 16th,) to form a TICKET for the support of the Voters of Adams county at the ensuing election.

**Pennsylvania College.**

The semi-annual Examination of the Students of this Institution, and its Preparatory Department, will be held on Monday and Wednesday, the 16th and 18th inst. The public generally are respectfully invited to attend.  
The winter session of the Preparatory Department will commence on the 17th, and that of the College proper, on the 31st of October next.  
Sept. 9.

**GETTYSBURG FEMALE ACADEMY.**

The pupils of this institution will be examined on Thursday and Friday, the 19th and 20th inst. on the subjects studied during the summer session. Parents, Guardians, and all who feel an interest in Education, are respectfully invited to attend.  
The next session will commence on Monday the 14th of October next.  
Sept. 9.

**Eleven Sheep.**

TEN OF WHICH WERE WITH-  
TEN, AND ONE AN EWE,  
STRAYED from the Subscriber about the beginning of August last—on particular marks recollected. A suitable reward will be given for such information as may enable me to recover them.  
JOHN S. CRAWFORD.  
Marsh-creek, Sept. 9.

**PUBLIC SALE.**

WILL be Exposed to Public Sale, at the residence of the Subscriber, in Franklin township, on Wednesday the 25th inst.

Horses, Cows, Sheep  
and Hogs, Farming Utensils,  
and a great variety of Household and Kitchen Furniture. Also,  
At the same time & place,  
Will be offered for sale, by Public Vendee,

**THE FARM**  
of the subscriber, containing about 188 Acres. As he intends removing to the West, it will be sold on advantageous terms.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. when attendance will be given, and the terms made known by  
JOHN COBEAN.  
Sept. 9.

**A Valuable FARM FOR SALE.**

WILL be Sold, at Public Sale, on the premises, on Monday the 7th of October next, at 2 o'clock, P. M. THE FOLLOWING DESCRIBED REAL ESTATE OF PETER COMFORT, dec'd,

Consisting of  
A Tract of Land,  
containing 184 Acres, more or less, situate in Menallen township, Adams county, Pa. about one mile from Arndt's Town, adjoining lands of Balizer Minter, the heirs of Samuel Young, deceased, and others. The improvements are a good two-story DWELLING HOUSE, with a SAW-MILL,

with a never-failing spring near the house, a large Orchard of Apple and other Fruit Trees, with an excellent Meadow, and a sufficiency of Woodland.

Also—  
At the same time and place,  
**FOUR ACRES**  
of Chestnut Timber land

in Franklin township, adjoining lands of Henry Cuthall, Jacob Hartman, (of John) and others.  
Any person wishing to view the property before the day of sale, will please call on JOSEPH LEAS, living on the premises. Conditions of sale made known on the day of sale, by  
D. COMFORT, & J. A. DEARDORFF, Ex'rs.  
Sept. 9.



## Public Sale.

**Public Sale.**  
At the residence of the Subscriber, in Baltimore-street, on Tuesday the 10th of September inst. at 10 o'clock, A. M.  
SEVERAL ARTICLES OF  
**HOUSEHOLD & KITCHEN FURNITURE,**  
SUCH AS  
**Stoves, Cupboards, Tables, Chairs, &c.**  
Conditions of sale made known on the day of sale, by  
**ERNEST L. HAZELIUS.**  
Gettysburg, Sept. 2.

## NOTICE.

**ALL persons indebted to the Estate of SAMUEL WITHEROW, Esq.** of Hamilton township, deceased, are desired to discharge the same, without delay; and those who have any claims against said Estate, are requested to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement.  
**JOHN MARSHALL, Adm'r.**  
**JOHN WITHEROW, Jr.**  
Sept. 2.

## TO MILLERS.

**WANTED, a MILLER,** to work as a Second Hand. None need apply, but such as can come well recommended for their honesty and sobriety.  
**J. & B. DARBY.**  
Near Chambersburg.  
Sept. 2.

**William Gardner,**  
**HAS associated himself with Benjamin F. Gardner, under the firm of**  
**Wm. Gardner & Co.**  
who now have on hand, and intend keeping, a large and general assortment of  
**DRUGS, GROCERIES, PAINTS, AND DYE-STUFFS, HARDWARE, CASTINGS, QUEENSWARE, BAR IRON,** among which are several sets of Broad and Narrow Tires. Also, a large quantity of  
**Chesnut Posts & Rails,** all of which they will sell at the lowest prices, and on pleasing terms.  
**WILLIAM GARDNER, BENJAMIN F. GARDNER.**  
Petersburg, (York Springs) Sept. 2.

**W. G.** takes this method of tendering to his friends generally his sincere thanks for the very liberal encouragement he has received, and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same. He also requests all those indebted to him, to call and settle the same as early as possible.  
**At an Orphans' Court,**  
Held at Gettysburg, for the County of Adams, on the 20th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three, before John Reed, Esq. and his Associates Judges, &c. assigned, &c.  
On motion—  
**The Court Grant a Rule,**  
On all the Heirs and Legal Representatives of  
**FRANCIS ALLISON,**  
deceased, to wit: Francis, Martha, intermarried with John M. Dermott, Mary Ann, Robert, Susanna, intermarried with Thomas Logan, Sibby, intermarried with William Rath, and Sally Allison, or the Guardians of such of them as are minors, to be and appear at an Orphans' Court, to be held at Gettysburg, for the County of Adams, on the first day of October next, to accept or refuse to take the Real Estate of said deceased at the valuation made thereof, agreeably to the Intestate Laws of this Commonwealth.  
By the Court,  
**JOHN B. CLARK, Clerk.**  
Sept. 2.

**At an Orphans' Court,**  
Held at Gettysburg, for the County of Adams, on the 26th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three—before John Reed, Esquire, and his Associates, Judges, &c. assigned, &c.  
On motion—  
**The Court Grant a Rule,**  
On all the Heirs and Legal Representatives of  
**Elizabeth Dunwoody,**  
deceased, to wit: Arnold V., John, Hannah, intermarried with George Vanorsdal, David, Isaac, Silas, Joseph, and Elizabeth Vanorsdal, or the Guardians of such of them as are minors, to be and appear at the next Orphans' Court, to be held at Gettysburg, for the County of Adams, on the first day of October next, to accept or refuse to take the Real Estate of said deceased at the valuation made thereof, agreeably to the Intestate laws of this Commonwealth.  
By the Court,  
**JOHN B. CLARK, Clerk.**  
Sept. 2.

**APPRENTICES WANTED.**  
**I** will take in at my Coach Factory, FOUR steady Young Boys as Apprentices—  
One to the TRIMMING,  
One to the HARNESS-MAKING,  
One to the PAINTING, and  
One to the SMITHING.  
By appointing soon, they will meet with favorable terms.  
I likewise will give the highest price, in Cash, for good  
**ASH PLANK.**  
**DAVID LITTLE.**  
Baltimore-street, Gettysburg, Aug. 26.

## New Establishment.

**Subscriber respectfully informs** his Friends and the Public generally, that he has opened A HOUSE of **PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENT, STYLED THE**  
**MANSION HOUSE,**  
In his large & commodious Brick Building, situate on the north-east Corner of Baltimore and Middle-streets, opposite the house formerly kept by Maj. Jacob SANDERS, in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania—where he is well prepared for the accommodation of those who may favor him with their custom. The whole Establishment is new; the situation is eligible; his Table, Bar, &c. will be well supplied—and he hopes, by attention to the comfort of Travellers and others, and moderate charges, to receive the favors of a generous Public.  
**JACOB ZIEGLER.**  
Gettysburg, Aug. 12.

## WOOL.

**CLEAN** Washed WOOL, will be taken in exchange for Goods, by  
**MILLER & WITHEROW.**  
Gettysburg, July 15.

**DOCTOR HENRY BELTZ'S**  
*Celebrated & Infalible*  
**Worm-destroying Syrup,**  
Sold at the Apothecary & Drug Store of  
**SAMUEL H. BUEHLER.**  
Gettysburg, July 20.  
N. B. Recommendations as to its efficacy can be given. It is so pleasant, as to be palatable to children.

## STRAY HORSES.

**CAME** to the house of the subscriber, in Franklin township, Adams county, on the 30th of July,  
**TWO HORSES,**  
one a Grey, about 10 or 12 years of age, and has lost an eye; the other a Dark Bay, 8 or 9 years of age—no marks. The owner is desired to prove property, pay charges, and take them away.  
**S. R. BAILEY.**  
South Mountain, Aug. 5.

**VALUABLE Virginia Lands FOR SALE.**  
THE Subscriber offers to sell at Private Sale, on terms which will be an inducement to Capitalists, a Tract of  
**TIMBERLAND,**  
situate in Hampshire County, Virginia, containing  
**2,000 ACRES.**  
This Tract is well calculated for IRON WORKS, as there is a quantity of Iron Ore, and good streams of water running through it. For a particular description and terms, apply to the subscriber, at Mt. St. Mary's College, near Emmitsburg, Maryland.  
**F. B. JAMISON.**  
Nov. 20.

**THE ORIGINAL & GENUINE Compound Chlorine TOOTH-WASH,**  
FOR cleaning & preserving the Teeth and Gums, and clearing the Mouth, for sale at the Apothecary and Drug Store of  
**SAMUEL H. BUEHLER.**  
Gettysburg, Aug. 19.

**Notice is hereby Given** to the Legatees, Creditors, and other persons concerned, that the **ADMINISTRATION ACCOUNTS** of the deceased persons hereinafter mentioned, will be presented to the Orphans' Court, for confirmation and allowance, on **Tuesday the 1st day of October next,** viz:  
The account of Simon Melhorn, Executor of the Estate of David Melhorn, deceased.  
The account of William Moorhead, Administrator de bonis non of the Estate of James Moorhead, deceased.  
The account of Peter Stine, Executor of the Estate of George Stine, deceased.  
The account of Margaret Chambers and John Beecher, Executors of the Estate of John Chambers, deceased.  
The account of Jacob King, Executor of the Estate of Peter Delp, deceased.  
The account of George Wilson and John Bender, Executors of the Estate of Thomas Baldwin, deceased.  
The account of Walter Smith, Executor of the Estate of Ann Griffith, deceased.  
The account of John Myers, Administrator of the Estate of David Chronister, deceased.  
The account of John Brough and John Myers, Administrators of the Estate of John Myers, deceased.  
The account of Jacob Hanes and John Overholzer, Administrators of the Estate of Samuel Overholzer, deceased.  
The account of William Vanorsdalen, Administrator of the Estate of Solomon Tate, deceased.  
The account of James Black, one of the Administrators of the Estate of Wm. Hamilton, deceased.  
The account of Joseph Topper and Joseph Fink, Executors of the Estate of Andrew Topper, deceased.  
The account of George Sponsler, Executor of the Estate of George Sponsler, deceased.  
The account of John Eiker, Administrator of the Estate of Daniel Hoover, deceased.  
The account of Samuel B. Wright, Executor of the Estate of David M. Creary, deceased.  
The account of Jacob Gardner, one of the Administrators of the Estate of Martin Gardner, deceased.  
**JOHN B. CLARK, Reg'r.**  
Register's Office, Gettysburg, Aug. 26th, 1833.

**DAVID HEAGY, CABINET-MAKER,**  
Chambersburg-street, Gettysburg.  
WOULD most respectfully make mention, that, while his brother workmen, in town and country, were informing the Public that they were making, and could make, any thing in their line, and that, too, "cheaper than nothing" for Cash or Produce, he was making every thing that a Cabinet-maker could make, and as fast too, almost, as his friends could carry them away—leaving in their stead either Cash, Produce, or good solid promises! Thus it seems, that while some were talking about "cheaper," others were partaking of the substance, not of things hoped for, but of things actually OBTAINED! And yet, should there be a nay still among those happy and lucky beings whose names are registered among those "lots of marriages" recently taken place, who have not supplied themselves with good and substantial  
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While the subscriber gives the above notice to newly married folks, yet those who have passed the "honey-moon" need not feel themselves slighted—because, if any have almost forgotten the happy hour that made them one, he can see no plausible reason why they should not have their rooms fitted up with good Furniture—such as a first-rate and well finished  
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or any thing else in the Cabinet-making line. So, come one and all—married and unmarried—and supply yourselves with work made, not like "Pindar's Razors," to sell—but for service, out of the best seasoned materials, by good workmen.  
One part of my trade I would not forget to mention—which is, as my "Sign" fully indicates, that, having a good HEARSE for the conveyance of the Dead, I am prepared to make  
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Neither would I forget to return my sincere thanks to the public for the liberal support I have received the past year—and hope by strict attention to business and a desire to render satisfaction, still to merit and receive alike encouragement.  
**DAVID HEAGY.**  
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Neither would I forget to return my sincere thanks to the public for the liberal support I have received the past year—and hope by strict attention to business and a desire to render satisfaction, still to merit and receive alike encouragement.  
**DAVID HEAGY.**  
June 24.

## SHERIFFALTY.

**To the Independent Voters of Adams County.**  
**FELLOW-CITIZENS:**  
**I** offer myself to your consideration for the Office of  
**SHERIFF,**  
at the next General Election. Should I be elected, I pledge my honor to do the duties of that Office with fidelity and impartiality. Your's, very respectfully,  
**JAMES BELL, JR.**  
March 4.

**SHERIFFALTY.**  
**GENTLEMEN,**  
**ALTHOUGH** I have not had the honor of being heretofore considered by you, as a candidate for any considerable post of trust or profit, yet I am encouraged at this time, to come forward and solicit your suffrages at the ensuing Election for the Office of SHERIFF, for this County. Should I be so fortunate as to obtain it, none can be possessed of a firmer resolution to discharge the duties of that important trust with care, lenity and fidelity, than your faithful servant,  
**GEORGE W. MCLELLAN.**  
April 1.

**Fellow-Citizens of Adams County:**  
**I** offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of  
**SHERIFF,**  
at the ensuing Election—and return my sincere thanks to you for favors already conferred on me.  
**JACOB SANDERS.**  
Feb. 25.

**Fellow-Citizens of Adams County:**  
**DESIROUS** of being elected your SHERIFF, for the ensuing three years, I respectfully offer myself to your consideration as a Candidate. Should I be so fortunate as to be elected, I will do the duties of the Office faithfully.  
Your obedient servant,  
**MICHAEL C. CLARKSON.**  
March 11.

**Fellow-Citizens of Adams County:**  
**RETURNING** you my sincere thanks for your former support, I again offer myself as a Candidate for the Office of SHERIFF, at the ensuing Election. Should I be elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office faithfully.  
Your's, very respectfully,  
**ROBERT MCILWAIN.**  
July 29.

**Worthy of General Notice!**  
**DAVID HEAGY, CABINET-MAKER,**  
Chambersburg-street, Gettysburg.  
WOULD most respectfully make mention, that, while his brother workmen, in town and country, were informing the Public that they were making, and could make, any thing in their line, and that, too, "cheaper than nothing" for Cash or Produce, he was making every thing that a Cabinet-maker could make, and as fast too, almost, as his friends could carry them away—leaving in their stead either Cash, Produce, or good solid promises! Thus it seems, that while some were talking about "cheaper," others were partaking of the substance, not of things hoped for, but of things actually OBTAINED! And yet, should there be a nay still among those happy and lucky beings whose names are registered among those "lots of marriages" recently taken place, who have not supplied themselves with good and substantial  
**FURNITURE,**  
SUCH AS  
**SIDEBOARDS, BUREAUS, CUPBOARDS, TABLES, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, CRADLES, &c. &c.**  
they are respectfully informed that they can be provided with the same, at the shortest notice given to one who, although himself a happy Bachelor, feels he knows how to contribute to the happiness of those who were once "two"—but are now "one!"  
While the subscriber gives the above notice to newly married folks, yet those who have passed the "honey-moon" need not feel themselves slighted—because, if any have almost forgotten the happy hour that made them one, he can see no plausible reason why they should not have their rooms fitted up with good Furniture—such as a first-rate and well finished  
**SIDEBOARD, BUREAU,**  
or any thing else in the Cabinet-making line. So, come one and all—married and unmarried—and supply yourselves with work made, not like "Pindar's Razors," to sell—but for service, out of the best seasoned materials, by good workmen.  
One part of my trade I would not forget to mention—which is, as my "Sign" fully indicates, that, having a good HEARSE for the conveyance of the Dead, I am prepared to make  
**COFFINS**  
at a moment's warning, should it at any time become necessary.  
Neither would I forget to return my sincere thanks to the public for the liberal support I have received the past year—and hope by strict attention to business and a desire to render satisfaction, still to merit and receive alike encouragement.  
**DAVID HEAGY.**  
June 24.

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